

THE ROVER: A DOLLAR WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

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AN IRISH HIGHWAYMAN.

BY BENSON E. HILL.

DOCTOR W——, the bishop of Cashel, having occasion to visit Dublin, accompanied by his wife and daughter, determined to perform the journey by easy stages, in his own carriage, and with his own sleek and well fed horses, instead of trusting his bones to the tender mercies of an Irish post-chaise, and the unbroken garrons used for drawing these crazy vehicles.

One part of his rout was through a wild and mountainous district; and the bishop, being a very humane man, and considerate of his cattle, made a point of quitting his carriage at the foot of every hill and walking to the top. On one of these occasions he had loitered to look at the extensive prospect, indulging in a reverie upon its sterile appearance, and the change that agriculture might produce, and in so doing suffered his family and servants to be considerably in advance; perceiving this he hastened to make up for lost time, and was stepping out with his best speed when a fellow leaped from behind a heap of loose stones, and accompanying the flourish of a large club with a demoniac yell demanded "Money!" with a ferocity of tone and manner perfectly appalling.

The bishop gave the robber all the silver he had loose in his pocket, hoping that it would satisfy him; but he was mistaken, for no sooner had the ruffian stowed it away in a capacious rent in his tattered garment, than with another

whirl of his bludgeon, and an awful oath, he exclaimed,

"And is it with the likes of this I'm after letting you off? a few paltry tinpennies! It's the goold I'll have, or I'll spalter your brains. Arrah, dont stand shivering and shaking there, like a quaker in an ague, but lug out your purse, you devil, immediately, or I'll bate you as blue as a whetstone."

His lordship most reluctantly yielded his well-filled purse, saying in tremulous accents, "My good fellow, there it is, dont ill use me—I've given you all, pray let me depart."

"Fair and softly, if you please; as sure as I'm not a good fellow, I haven't done with you yet. I must sarch for your note case, for I'll engage you have a few bits of paper payable at the bank; so hand it over immediately, or you'll sup sorrow to-night."

It was given up: a glance at the road showed that all hope of assistance from his servants was unavailing, the carriage had disappeared, but the bishop made an instinctive movement as though anxious to escape from further pillage.

"Wait awhile, or may be I shall get angry with you; hand over your watch and sales, and then you may trudge."

Now it happened that the divine felt a particular regard for his watch—not so much from its being of considerable value, but because it had

been presented to him by his first patron—and he ventured to expostulate.

"Surely you have taken enough; leave me my watch, and I'll forgive all you have done."

"Who ax'd your forgiveness, you ould varmint? Would you trifle with my good nature? Don't force me to do anything I'd be sorry for—but, without any more bother, just give me the watch, or by all that's holy——"

And he jerked the bludgeon from his right hand to his left, spat in the horny palm of the former, and re-grasped the formidable weapon as though seriously bent on bringing it into operation; this action was not unheeded by his victim—he drew forth the golden time-piece, and with a heavy sigh handed it to his spoiler, who, rolling the chain and seals round it, found some wider aperture in his apparel into which he crammed it; and giving himself a shake to ascertain if it found, by its own gravity, a place or safety, he said,

"And now be off with you, and thank the blessed saints that you lave me without a scratch on your skin, or the value of your little finger hurt."

It needed no persuasion to induce the bishop to turn his back upon the despoiler of his worldly goods, and having no weight to carry he set off at what equestrians term "a hard canter;" scarcely, however, had he reached the middle of the precipitous road, when he perceived his persecutor running after him, Alas! what chance had he in a race with one whose muscles were as strong and elastic as highly-tempered steel?

"Stop, you nimble-footed thief of the world!" roared the robber, "stop, I tell you! I've a parting word with you yet."

The exhausted and defenceless clergyman, finding it impossible to continue his flight, suddenly came to a stand-still. The fellow approached, and his face, instead of its former ferocity, was lit up with a whimsical roguishness of expression, as he said,

"And is it likely I'd let you off with a better coat on your back than my own? and will I be after losing the chance of that elegant hat and wig? Off with them this moment, and then you will be quit o' me."

The footpad quickly divested the bishop of his single-breasted coat—laid violent hands upon the clerical hat and full-bottomed wig—put them on his own person, and then insisted on seeing his late apparel used in their stead; and with a loud laugh ran off, as though his last feat had been the most meritorious of his life.

Thankful at having escaped with unbroken bones, his lordship was not long in overtaking his carriage; the servants could not repress their laughter at seeing their master in such strange and motley attire; but there was in his face such evidences of terror and suffering, that they speedily checked their risible inclinations, particularly when they learnt, by a few brief words, the danger he had undergone.

"My dear W——!" exclaimed his affectionate wife, after listening to the account of the perils to which her husband had been exposed, "for Heaven's sake take off that filthy jacket, and throw it out of the window. You can put my warm cloak over your shoulders till we reach the

next stage, and then you will be able to purchase some habit better suited to your station and calling."

"That is more easily said than done, my love," he replied; "I have lost all the money I possessed; not a single guinea is left me to pay our expenses to-night. My watch, too, that I so dearly prized! Miserable man that I am!"

"Never mind your watch, or anything else, just now—only pull off that mass of filth, I implore you; who knows what horrid contagion we may all catch if you persist in wearing it?"

The obnoxious garment was removed; the young lady was about to place it under her seat, when she heard a jingling noise that attracted her attention, and on examination, found secreted in various parts of the coat, not only the watch, pocket-book, purse, and silver, of which her father had been deprived, but a yellow canvas bag, such as is used by farmers, containing about thirty guineas.

The surprise and joy of all parties may be imagined; they reached the inn where they proposed stopping for the night, and as the portmanteaus had escaped the dangers of the road, the bishop was speedily able to attire himself canonically. Before the party retired for rest, intelligence arrived that the highwayman had been taken, after a desperate resistance—the notice of the police being attracted by the singular appearance of a man of his station sporting a new black coat, and covering his shaggy, carrotty locks with the well-powdered and orthodox peruke of the right reverend the Bishop of Cashel.

THE TEMPLE OF GOD IS WITHIN YOU.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

UNROBED, majestic, should the soul
Before its God appear,
Undimmed the image he affixed,
Unknowing doubt onfoar;
And often converse should it hold,
With meek and trusting brow;
Such as man was in Paradise
He may be even now.

Few, few the shapely temple rear,
For God's abiding place—
That mystic temple, where no sound
Within the hallowed space
Reveals the skill of builder's hand;
Yet with a silent care
That holy temple riseth up,
And God is dwelling there.

[Sinless Child.

BEATRICE DI TENDA.

BY WILLIAM HARRISON AINSWORTH.

I.

MICHELE OROMBELLO.

ONE night, in the summer of 1418, a masqued fete was given by Filippo Maria Visconti, Duke of Milan, in honor of the Princess of Carrara, of whom he was passionately enamored. This revel, unusually magnificent even for Visconti, whose entertainments were always of the most splendid description, was attended by all the prin-

cial nobles of his court. Nor was that wanting, without which no festival, however gorgeous, can be perfect—beauty. Foremost among the lovely dames ranked the queen of the revel, —the beautiful Princess of Carrara—one of those superb blonds only to be found in the north of Italy, with light satin tresses, eyes at once lustrous and languishing, and blue as the skies; features cast in the most exquisite mould; a full, voluptuous figure; and a complexion so delicate and so transparent, that the brightest bloom could not compare with it.

The fair princess was in her first year of widowhood—her consort, Brunoro, Prince of Carrara and Padua, having died suddenly after their union, not without strong suspicion of poison. Her fascinations of manner and person, as has just been observed, completely captivated the licentious Visconti, who left no means untried to obtain possession of her, but failing in his attempts, he resolved upon divorcing his duchess, Beatrice di Tenda, or otherwise removing her, to make way for the new object of his passion.

A hint dropped by the princess was not lost upon him. When warmly urging his suit, she checked him, and observed in a significant tone, "I pray your highness to desist from further importunity. So long as the present bar exists between us, I can never be yours." "I understand," replied the duke; "it shall be speedily removed." And from that moment, his whole thoughts were bent upon destroying the duchess.

Filippo Visconti had not one redeeming quality, except courage, and this was tarnished by cruelty. Utterly destitute of generosity, he never requited a favor but with an injury; and having no regard for his plighted faith, was held in distrust by all his allies. Still, he was crafty and calculating, and his cunning made him a match for most of his opponents. In person he was tall and finely formed. His features were handsome, but disfigured by a sinister expression. His demeanor was singularly majestic.

During the early part of the fete, Filippo devoted himself exclusively to the princess. Attired in her colors, white and blue, and attended by a band of courtiers similarly arrayed, he received her on her arrival at the palace; conducted her to the dancing-hall—the music-chamber—the brilliantly-illuminated gardens—the banquet—and finally to a small conservatory filled with the choicest flowers, which none were permitted to enter but themselves. There, while engaged in a tender *tete-a-tete* with his mistress, who, flattered by his homage, and bewildered by the enchanting scene around her, appeared disposed to lend a more favorable ear to his suit, the duke was greatly astonished and offended by the sudden entrance of an attendant. The name of the new comer, who was remarkable for his personal strength and forbidding aspect, was Squarcia Giammo. He had filled the office of master of the hounds to the late Duke Giovanni; and his savage disposition recommended him to the favor of Filippo, who placed him near his person. The princess having abandoned her hand to the duke, uttered a slight scream at Squarcia's appearance, and hastily withdrew it; while her lover, plucking his dagger from its sheath, seemed disposed to sacrifice the unwelcome intruder to his anger.

Something, however, in the look of the latter arrested his arm.

"When your highness learns what news I bring," he said, "you will thank, not meance me."

"Speak then," cried the duke, fiercely.

"I cannot speak here," replied Squarcia. "Will it please your highness to grant me a momens's private audience?"

"No," replied Visconti, impatiently. "If you have some secret matter to disclose, you must await a more favorable opportunity. Begone!"

"What I have to say relates to the duchess," rejoined Squarcia, mysteriously.

"To her?" exclaimed Visconti, in surprise.

"Nay, then, I must hear it."

Hastily apologizing to the princess, and promising to return instantly, he quitted the conservatory.

On gaining the adjoining apartment, he ascertained from Squarcia, whom he employed as a spy upon Beatrice, that a circumstance had just occurred, which raised a suspicion that some secret attachment existed on her part. The sum of the attendant's relation was as follows. About an hour ago, a mask, habited as a minstrel, had approached the duchess, and greatly delighted her by his voice and musical skill. After listening to his singing for some time, during which she betrayed extraordinary emotion, she commanded him to remove his vizard. The minstrel complied; and on beholding his features, which were those of a youth of remarkable personal attractions, she had fainted.

"Is this all?" observed the duke, when Squarcia concluded.

"It is, your highness," replied your attendant.

"I see nothing in it. The duchess was struck by an accidental resemblance in the youth to some one she formerly knew—that is all. Thou art an officious knave, to trouble me with so slight a matter."

"It is not so slight as your highness imagines," rejoined Squarcia. "I have never seen the duchess so agitated before."

"Where is she now?" demanded Squarcia.

"She has been conveyed to her own apartments," answered Squarcia.

"And the minstrel?"

"He is in the music-hall. He stood like one stupefied after the occurrence; but when the duchess was removed, he wandered with slow steps and a dejected air in the direction I have mentioned."

"Bring him hither," said the duke, after a moment's reflection, "I would question him."

Squarcia departed, and presently returned with a youth, whose good looks Visconti acknowledged had not been overrated. He appeared about eighteen, and his proud bearing proclaimed him of distinguished origin. The contrast between his noble and prepossessing countenance and the lowering and villainous looks of Squarcia was too striking to pass unnoticed.

"By Saint Ambrosio, a handsome gallant!" exclaimed the duke, as he approached. "How are you called, fair sir?"

"Michele Orombello," replied the youth.

"I neither remember your name nor person, Messer Michele," pursued the duke, fixing a scrutinizing

tinizing glance upon him. "How long have you been in Milan?"

"Three days," replied Michele. "I came in the train of the ambassador of the Queen of Naples."

"Malizia is graced in his follower," observed the duke, sarcastically. "And now, Messer Michele, as I doubt not you have a quick eye for beauty, tell me whom you think the fairest dame in my court?"

"Were your highness to ask me whom I think the most injured, I could answer more readily," rejoined Michele.

"Whom should you say, then?" demanded Visconti, sternly.

"Your duchess," replied the youth.

Squarcia laid his hand upon his dagger, and looked at his lord, but the latter took no notice of the movement.

"You are a frank speaker, Michele," said Visconti; "but I like you none the worse for your boldness. The duchess is a deeply-injured lady—granted. You are, no doubt, eager to redress her wrongs."

"I would shed the last drop of my blood in her defence," cried Michele.

"I thought as much," rejoined Visconti. "Her highness shall be made acquainted with your devotion. If I can prevail upon Malizia to transfer you to the duchess's service, will you consent to the exchange?"

"Consent!" echoed Michele, his countenance beaming with delight, "I am transported with joy at the thought. But your highness is mocking me."

"Not so," replied Visconti. "I am as much rejoiced as yourself that the duchess will have an attendant so devoted to her interests. And now rejoin your companions, signor. To-morrow I will speak to his excellency."

"Accept my heartfelt thanks, my lord," said Michele, bending the knee before him. "I have scarcely deserved this kindness at your hands."

Visconti stamped upon the ground impatiently, and the youth arose.

"Keep strict watch over him," observed the duke to Squarcia, as soon as they were alone: "and if aught further occurs, apprise me instantly. You were right in your suspicions. There is some mystery about this youth which I cannot fathom."

"I will resolve it for your highness," replied Squarcia, smiling grimly. "Having got the scent, I will hunt down the game as surely as ever did my best wolf-hound in the days of Duke Giovanni."

"Go then, brave dog," rejoined Visconti, pushing him from him; "and if you bring down the noblest hind in the forest, your reward shall be proportionate to the service."

"My reward may be a dog's—a blow when the deed is done," observed Squarcia, dryly. "No matter. Your highness's commands shall be obeyed."

With this, he departed upon his mission, while Visconti returned to the Princess.

Elated by his interview with the Duke, and unable to conceive why such good fortune had so suddenly befallen him, Michele Orombello could listen no more to the music, nor take any further

part in the dance. Separating himself from the crowd of revelers, he pondered over the occurrences of the evening. The idea of the duchess was ever present to him. He thought of her marble cheek, which pale as death before, had crimsoned at the sound of his voice; of her large, lustreless black eyes, which had kindled with new fire, as he proceeded with the melody. He heard again her commands to him to unmask—her cry when the order was obeyed—and his bosom palpitated with strange emotions. Was the interest she felt in him love? He scarcely dared to ask himself the question. And yet his heart refused to answer in the negative.

While occupied with these reflections, he felt a gentle pressure on his arm, and heard a low voice breathe in his ear—"Follow me."

Looking round, Michele perceived a masked female, and pursuing her retreating figure through the throng, entered the great hall, in which the dancers were still footing it merrily. Thence he tracked her down a flight of marble steps into the garden, and proceeding along a terrace lighted with colored lamps, struck into a dark walk, edged with clipped yew-trees. Here his conductress paused, and said in a whisper, "Follow that path, signor. It will bring you to a temple, where you will find the lady who expects you."

With a beating heart and quick step, Michele hastened along the path indicated to him. Just as he was about to enter the temple, he cast a look behind, and fancied he could discern through the darkness a man creeping stealthily after him. As he gazed at the object it disappeared, and thinking he might be deceived, he pushed open the door of the structure, and beheld the duchess.

She was alone. By the light of a lamp placed upon a table beside her, Michele saw that her countenance bore the traces of severe suffering, and though she struggled to maintain her composure, she was still fearfully agitated. The youth's first impulse was to throw himself at her feet. She instantly raised him.

"I have sent for you," she said hurriedly, "to tell you you are in danger. I have heard of your interview with the duke, and of his promise to you. If must never be fulfilled."

"Wherefore not, madam?" asked Michele, in astonishment.

"You must depart at once, and secretly, if you would preserve your life," she continued, without noticing the question. "The duke meditates your destruction."

"How have I incurred his resentment?" inquired Michele.

"By your boldness of speech," she answered. "But I am the chief cause of his enmity against you."

"You, madam!"

"To be plain," replied the duchess, after a moment's hesitation, "he thinks I love you, and would place you near me that he may destroy us both. But I will defeat his scheme. You, at least, shall avoid the snare."

"Think not of me a moment, madam," replied the youth, passionately. "Suffer me, I entreat you, to remain with you at whatever risk to myself."

"I have already told you it cannot be. If you would prove your devotion to me, you will go.

I owe you some explanation of my strange conduct, and you shall have it. I am interested—deeply interested in you. Do not mistake me. It is not love I bear you—at least, not the love the duke supposes. You resemble one whose memory is most dear to me—so strikingly, that I could almost fancy you were he.”

“Beseech your highness to tell me his name!” cried Michele, eagerly.

“First let me know your own, and your history!” rejoined the Duchess. “I am ignorant of both.”

“I am called Michele Orombello,” replied the youth, “and all I know of my history is this. I was found on the banks of the Lago di Guarda by a peasant, whose name I bear, and to whom I am indebted for my early nurture. Becoming dissatisfied with my condition, as I grew in years, I quitted my humble home and protector, and wandered from city to city, encountering various vicissitudes and adventures, until I reached Naples, where I was fortunate enough to attract the attention of Antonio Caraffa, who appointed me his page. Hence I chanced to accompany him on his embassy to the court of the duke your husband.”

“Have you no clue to your birth?” asked the duchess, who had listened with breathless interest to his relation.

“Only this,” he answered, producing the fragment of a letter. “It was found upon my person by my preserver, Orombello. The few words that can be deciphered refer to the destruction of an infant,—alluding, doubtless, to myself. It appears to be an order from some powerful noble to his vassal. But I have vainly sought to discover the writer.”

“Give it me,” cried the duchess, snatching the paper from him.

As she gazed at it a violent tremor seized her. She shivered from head to foot, and would have fallen, if Michele had not tendered her support.

“Your highness knows who wrote that letter?” he remarked, as soon as her agitation had in some degree subsided.

“I do,” she replied. “But do not question me. I dare not—cannot tell you. The knowledge would be fatal. I am now more than ever anxious for your safety. You must quit the palace without a moment’s delay. Repair to the northern gate of the city, and in an hour a fleet steed shall be provided for you. Do not draw the bridle till you reach Novara. There you will be safe. My faithful subjects will protect you. To-morrow, I will dispatch messengers to Vincenzo Marliano, governor of the citadel. He is my assured friend, and you will learn from him the meaning of this mystery. Take this gold—these ornaments,” she added, opening a coffer, and spreading its glittering contents before him, while she at the same time detached a string of pearls from her neck, and a circlet of gold from her head—“take them,” she cried, forcing them upon him, “you may need them.”

So saying, she opened her arms, and straining the youth, who was bewildered with astonishment, to her bosom, wept aloud.

From this sad embrace they were roused by the sudden opening of the door, which was instantly closed with a jar that shook the whole

building. Breaking from her companion at the sound, the duchess beheld Visconti. He was accompanied by several nobles of his court, and a numerous train of attendants, among whom was Squarcia Giramo. A smile of bitter satisfaction played upon his features.

“Lost!—lost!” shrieked the duchess.

“You shall not perish unavenged!” cried Michele, drawing his dagger, and springing upon the duke.

But the blow was intercepted by Squarcia. Seizing the youth’s arm, he wrested the weapon from his grasp, and would have plunged it to his heart, if Visconti had not prevented him.

“Harm him not,” he cried, “I have another fate in reserve for him. My lords,” he continued, “you have all been witnesses to my dishonor, and will testify to the truth of what you have seen?”

“Assuredly, your highness,” they answered.

“How say you, then?” he continued. “Is the duchess guilty, or not?”

“Guilty,” replied the assemblage, with one voice.

“One word in arrest of judgment, my lord,” exclaimed the duchess, advancing toward him.

“Not one,” replied Visconti, harshly repulsing her. “Squarcia Giramo, let the adulteress and her paramour be instantly conveyed to my castle of Binasco. There let the torturers deal with them.”

“They shall force no avowal of guilt from me,” cried the duchess.

“Nor from me,” added Michele.

“Let them die upon the rack then,” rejoined the duke. And followed by his train, he quitted the temple, and returned to the festivities within the palace.

II.

BINASCO.

THE ancient castle of Binasco, whither the captives were conducted, in obedience to the duke’s mandates, lies about three leagues from Milan, on the road to Pavia. It is a vast and gloomy pile, and at the period in question, was strongly fortified. The duchess and her companion were placed in dark subterranean dungeons, and underwent the most horrible tortures. More than twenty times, Beatrice was stretched upon the rack, but her firmness was proof against the severest agonies. Resolutely denying the crime laid to her charge, she refused to exculpate herself by any explanation of her mysterious conduct toward Michele Orombello. Conveyed to their place of imprisonment in separate litters, the unhappy pair had not exchanged a word since their fatal meeting in the temple. All the duchess’s inquiries concerning her fellow-prisoner were met by sullen silence on the part of the jailors; nor could she learn aught relating to him, until one day, Squarcia Giramo, who superintended her examinations, and regulated the degrees of torture to which she was subjected, entered her cell, and informed her, with a look of savage delight, that he had confessed.

“It is false, villain,” returned Beatrice, incredulously. “He cannot have confessed a crime he has never committed.”

"The youth is not made of such stubborn stuff as your highness," rejoined Squarcia, grinning. "When we were about to bind him to the wheel this morning, he requested to be released; acknowledged his guilt in full; signed the confession, which has since been transmitted to the duke, whose arrival at the castle is momentarily expected; and prayed only for speedy death to put a period to his sufferings:—a petition, I have no doubt, that will be readily granted."

"Horror!" cried Beatrice, distractedly. "Can this be true?"

"I swear it by my soul's safety," returned Squarcia. "And I advise your highness to follow your lover's example. Further obstinacy will avail you nothing."

"Wretch!" cried Beatrice fiercely. But instantly checking herself, she added—"You say the duke is expected at the castle. On his arrival, tell him I *must* see him without a moment's delay. I have a secret to disclose, which it is important to him to know, but which, if he comes not instantly, shall never pass my lips. Tell him this. And take heed no injury is done the youth, or I will yet find means of terribly avenging his death on all concerned in it. Do you hear me?"

"I hear, and will obey your highness," replied Squarcia. And he quitted the cell.

Words cannot paint the anguish of the duchess. Severe as had been her recent bodily suffering, it was nothing to the mental torture she now endured. Several hours elapsed, and Visconti came not. At length, worn out with vain expectation, she was about to abandon herself wholly to despair, when the massive prison door revolved upon its hinges, and admitted her husband.

He was cased in complete armor, except his helmet, which he had laid aside on reaching the castle, and his looks were as formidable as his steely apparel.

"What would you with me, madam?" he demanded, after a pause, during which he eyed her sternly.

"I would make a bargain with you for the life of Michele Orombello," she answered.

"Indeed!" exclaimed Visconti. "And what do you propose to offer me in exchange?"

"My own life," she replied.

"It is mine already," rejoined the duke.

"Not so, my lord," replied Beatrice; "you cannot lawfully execute me till I have confessed the crime with which I am charged. I may expire upon the rack, but I will maintain my innocence to the last, unless you consent to spare this youth. His life is of no consequence to you compared with mine. Put me to death without warrant, and the four cities I brought you in dower—Tortona, Novara, Vercelli, and Alexandria,—will revolt from you. This you know full well. Comply with my request, and I will utter whatever you may dictate, and declare myself justly condemned."

"You love for this youth is stronger than I thought it," remarked Visconti;—"stronger than a chance attachment could be. Who is he?"

"My son," rejoined Beatrice.

"Your son!" ejaculated the duke, recoiling.

"Hear me, Visconti," continued the duchess.

"Before I wedded my first husband, Facino Cane, I had contracted an intimacy with one of low

birth. The consequence of this guilt was a son. The infant was committed to Antonio Marliano, now grand seneschal of Novara, but then my humblest attendant. He told me he had destroyed it. I will not dwell upon the remorse occasioned by the dark offence I had committed, or by the still darker offence by which I sought to hide it. My peace was gone forever. And I looked upon my after sufferings as the just retribution of Heaven for my criminal conduct."

"Let this pass, madam," observed Visconti, scornfully. "How did you recognize the youth?"

"His voice first attracted my attention," replied the duchess, "and when I beheld his features, their resemblance to him I had loved was too striking to be mistaken. My heart assured me he was the son I had supposed dead. And on ascertaining his history I found I was not deceived."

"The youth is not aware of the secret of his birth?" demanded the duke.

"He is not," rejoined Beatrice, "and never shall be. It shall perish with me."

Visconti was for some time lost in reflection. The duchess watched his countenance with the most intense anxiety. But it was impossible to read what was passing in his breast. At last he spoke.

"I will spare the youth on the terms you propose," he said.

"Swear it," she rejoined, "by all your hopes of salvation."

"My word must suffice," he answered, coldly. "It is as binding as the strongest oath."

The wretched Beatrice did not dare to contradict him.

"In a few minutes all shall be in readiness," pursued the duke. "Perform your part of the agreement, and doubt not I will perform mine."

So saying, he withdrew.

His first object was to seek out Squarcia Girmo. After giving several directions to the attendant, he thus concluded: "Make every preparation for an execution. Let a block be placed in the base-court, and let the headsman with the instrument of death upon his shoulder take up a position beside it. When Michele Orombello is dismissed from my presence, if I make no sign, suffer him to leave the castle uninjured. But if I wave a scarf, seize him, and let his head be instantly stricken off."

"I understand," replied Squarcia.

Soon after this, Visconti betook himself to a platform overlooking the court, whence he perceived that his injunctions had been exactly fulfilled. A trumpet was then sounded, and the summons was immediately answered by a large train of nobles and gentlemen, who had accompanied him from Milan. The duke acquainted the assemblage that he had called them to hear the confession of the duchess, who having repented of her guilt, desired to atone for it with her blood. As he spoke, a door at one end of the platform was opened, and Beatrice was led forth, while from a portal at the opposite extremity came Michele Orombello. Thus confronted, the miserable mother and her son gazed at each other in silence. Enfeebled by the torture he had undergone, Michele looked like the shadow of himself. The duchess seemed to have suffered

equally, and to be equally prostrated. But she had evidently strung herself up to some mighty effort, and her deportment retained its accustomed majesty. Her attire was somewhat disordered, and her dark hair unbound and floating over her shoulders. Her appearance awakened the deepest commiseration amid the beholders.

"My lords," she said, firmly, "you are no doubt aware for what purpose I am brought hither. I confess myself culpable toward the duke. I neither expect, nor desire mercy. All I request is, that the punishment of my offence may be visited on my own head. I alone am guilty. Do not let him I have tempted suffer for my fault!"

Michele, whose faculties seemed completely benumbed, made no attempt to interrupt her. He looked as if he did not clearly understand what was said. And when she had done speaking, his head dropped upon his breast.

"This gold, and these ornaments—the latter known to belong to the duchess—were found upon the person of the younger prisoner," said a jailor, stepping forward.

"They were given him by me," rejoined Beatrice, "and corroborate what I have just asserted—that I was the temptress!"

"They do!" vociferated Visconti, dashing them to the ground, and trampling them beneath his mailed feet with feigned fury. "You have heard the duchess's confession, my lords, and shall now hear my decision. In consideration of Michele's youth, and the circumstances advanced in his favor, I consent to spare his life. But for her who has dishonored my bed, and stained my name, I have no compassion. She dies within the hour!"

There was a deep, dread silence, broken only by the sobs of Orombello, who, though scarcely conscious of what was going forward, seemed to comprehend the perilous situation of the duchess. He made several attempts to throw himself at Visconti's feet, but was prevented by those around him.

"Take the prisoner hence," said the duke to the guards, "and set him at liberty."

"Let me embrace him before he goes. Let me bid him an eternal farewell!" cried Beatrice.

"You ask more than can be granted, misguided woman," rejoined Visconti. "Remove him."

The command was obeyed, and as Michele was forced away, he cast one look of inexpressible anguish at his mother.

"Leave me, my lords," said Visconti, motioning the nobles to withdraw. "I have a few words to exchange with the duchess."

They were alone, and regarded each other face to face. And he who had seen them, and been ignorant of the relation in which they stood to each other, would have taken Visconti for the offender, and Beatrice for the judge,—so overawed was the former by the look fixed upon him. Neither spoke, but each guessed the other's thoughts.

Suddenly, Beatrice exclaimed—"I hear him in the base-court. I shall see him once again!" And before she could be prevented, she ran toward the low wall edging the platform, and leaning over it, gazed into the court beneath. "I see him!" she continued. "The guards release him!—He is free! He takes his way toward

the gate! You have kept your word, Visconti, and my dying breath shall bless you. My poor son! His footsteps totter. He is so weak he can scarcely support himself. He will fall! No, he revives. Oh! that dreadful rack. You might have spared his tender limbs, Visconti. But he will live, and I am satisfied. Ah! what do I behold? There is a block behind that pillar, and a man beside it, wielding a huge, two-handed sword."

"The block and the sword for you," said the duke. "Come away."

"Squarcia Giramo is among the crowd. I should know his hideous face among a thousand. He looks this way. He expects some signal."

"He is eager for your execution," rejoined Visconti. "You have looked long enough." And he dragged her forcibly from the parapet.

"Visconti!" cried the duchess, falling on her knees, "you mean to kill him. You have played me false."

"What makes you think so?" returned the duke, detaching the scarf from his breastplate with his left hand, while with his right he kept fast hold of the duchess. "What makes you think so?"

"Your manner—those fatal preparations—everything," replied Beatrice.

"He will speedily be beyond my reach," rejoined Visconti, waving the scarf, unperceived by the duchess.

The signal was immediately answered by the flashing of the sword. Visconti, who cast a glance over his shoulder, could not see the blow struck, but he heard the dead dull sound marking the descent of the weapon upon the block.

"Ah! what was that?" cried Beatrice, alarmed by the noise. "Answer me! as you shall answer your Maker. Have you slain him?"

"Go and see," replied the duke, releasing her.

Beatrice rushed to the parapet. She beheld a group round the block, which divided the next moment, and disclosed the headless trunk of her son.

The miserable mother staggered backward, and caught at her husband for support.

"False duke!" she cried, regarding him with a withering glance; "false and disloyal gentleman! you have broken your word with me, and henceforth none shall trust you. Your name shall be tarnished—your memory abhorred. Shame and dishonor shall be your portion, and the pangs you have inflicted upon me shall be returned with ten fold sharpness upon yourself!" And overcome by the violence of her emotion, she sank senseless on the pavement.

She recovered from her swoon only to prepare for instant death. Before she was led to the block, she had a brief conference with a priest, who was appointed to administer to her the last rites of religion, and to whom she gave a ring. She then calmly resigned herself to her fate, and the headsman performed his office. When all was over, the monk quitted the castle, affirming he had masses to say that night at the monastery of San Simpliciano, at Milan, for the soul of the departed duchess.

Visconti returned the next day to the palace. On arriving there, he was horrified at learning that the Princess of Carrara was dangerously ill.

She grew hourly worse, and expired the same night in dreadful agonies. It was evident from the appearance of the body that her death had been occasioned by poison. Suspicion fell upon the monk, who was ascertained to have visited her on his return from Binasco, and he was immediately sought for. But he had already provided for his safety, and fled to Venice.

Original.

SONG.—OH NO, I WILL NEVER BE MARRIED!

BY LAWRENCE LABREE.

Oh no, I will never be married
To one I detest and despise;
I'd sooner go pine in a convent,
And shut out the world from my eyes;
For no maiden so hapless as she
Who's compell'd to resign all her charms
To a gouty old man of three score,
Nor fly to her true lover's arms.

Oh no, I will never be married,
Unless to the man of my heart;
Love's never a thing we should barter,
As brokers do stock in the mart.
My tongue shall be buried in silence,
All suitors shall woo me in vain;
I will marry the truest of lovers,
Or ever a maid will I reign.

Original.

SOMETHING ABOUT JESTING.

A CONFAB WITH THOMAS FULLER

BY THE EDITOR.

MR. FULLER, shall a man be held less in your estimation, because of his being light and merry hearted, and fond of his jest?

"Harmless mirth is the best cordial against the consumption of the spirits: wherefore jesting is not unlawful, if it trespasseth not in quantity, quality, or season."

But can there be any harm in a jest? If a man see a good chance to be witty at a friend's expense, shall he refrain, particularly if it be in a large company, that may laugh at the conceit, and get much applause, as "Capital! very good?"

"It is good to make a jest, but not to make a trade of jesting."

Oh, no, no—of course not. I don't suppose the trade would be a good one to thrive by. But—

"The Earl of Leicester, knowing that Queen Elizabeth was much delighted to see a gentleman dance well, brought the master of a dancing-school to dance before her. 'Pish!' said the queen, 'it is his profession; I will not see him.'"

But why?—if she was fond of good dancing, need she take the humor to refuse him because that was his profession? It was a profession in those days (and has been since) to be a fawning courtier; yet the more of it she had, the more was she pleased.

"She liked it not where it was a master quality, but where it attended on other perfections. The same may we say of jesting."

Yet it is in the nature of some. I have heard people who were profane for the sake of a jest, and their profanity has passed for smartness, and

by some they were set down as "deuced clever fellows."

"Jest not with the two-edged sword of God's word. Will nothing please us to wash our hands in but the font? or to drink healths in but the church chalice? And know the whole art is learned at the first admissions, and profane jests will come without calling. If, in the troublesome days of Edward the Fourth, a citizen in Cheap-side was executed as a traitor for saying that he would make his son heir to the crown, though he only meant his own house, having a crown for a sign, more dangerous is it to wit-wanton it with the majesty of God. Wherefore, if, without thine intention, and against thy will, by chance-medley thou hittest scripture in ordinary discourse, yet fly to the city of refuge, and pray to God to forgive thee."

And sometimes will persons jest of the dead, as though they were so many carcases of dogs of hogs, of no consideration after they have ceased to be of use.

"Let not thy jests, like mummy, be made of dead men's flesh. Abuse not any that are departed, for to wrong their memories is to rob their ghosts of their winding-sheets."

But surely if a man sees a hop-and-go-skip sort of a fellow, he shall not refrain a smile at his oddity. There is no harm in it, and fun and laughter are excellent preservatives of health. And shall we not laugh at a fool? and shall we not scoff at the ignorant?

"Scoff not at the natural defects of any which are not in their power to amend. Oh! it is cruel to beat a cripple with his own crutches."

But there are tailors—

"Neither flout any for his profession, if honest, though poor and painful. Mock not a cobbler for his black thumbs."

But one may tell a good joke when he hears it. Now I will tell you a good one. I heard it to-day. It seems that a married man whom I am acquainted with—ay, and a man of family, too—daughters grown up—By-the-bye, he is a friend of mine—but never mind; the—

"He that relates another man's wicked jest with delight, adopts it as his own. Purge them, therefore, from their poison. If—"

A wicked jest? How wicked? Do you mean profane? I spoke of a joke at the expense of a friend—friends take jokes, you know? However, finish what you would have said. If what?

"If the profaneness may be severed from the wit, it is like a lamprey; take out the sting in the back, it may make good meat. But if the staple conceit consists in profaneness, then it is a viper, all poison, and meddle not with it."

Well, I don't know but you're right there. But suppose you are my friend, shall I keep from making a jest at your expense, if by it I can cause a good merry company to ache with laughter? I couldn't, I'll allow. I must have my jest if I lose my friend.

"He that will lose his friend for a jest, deserves to die a beggar for the bargain."

Hul-lo! you are getting plain, old man.

"Some think their conceits, like mustard, not good except they bite. We read that all those who were born in England the year after the beginning of the great mortality, 1349, wanted their

four check-teeth. Such let thy jests be, that they may not grind the credit of thy friend; and make not jests so long as till thou becomest one."

Some I have heard of who would jest in the moment of calamity, or at the misfortune of a neighbor. Some I have heard of who have jested on their death-bed, and it has been counted smartly of them.

"No time to jest when the heart-strings are about to be broken. No more showing of wit when the head is to be cut of; like that dying man, when the priest, coming to him to give him extreme unction, asked of him where his feet were, answered, 'At the end of my legs.' But at such a time jests are an unmannerly *crepitu ingenii*; and let those take heed who end here with Democritus, that they begin not with Heraclitus hereafter."

You are right, reverend sir; I did but converse with you to draw out your sentiments upon the subject of jesting, which I will agree with you in condemning as altogether out of place in the brain of a gentleman. It is not a companion of good breeding, and he that is fond of his jokes or his jests will, sooner or later, wear out the patience of his most forbearing friends. Moreover, it detracts from the dignity of the most sensible man, and eventually gives encouragement to familiarity on the part of vulgar persons which depreciates the standard of his own character. I sincerely join you, sir, in opposing jests and personal jokes, and hope, besides, that my good readers will bear the subject weightily upon their minds, and give no encouragement to so foolish a vice.

A NIGHT AT THE RAGGED-STAFF,

OR A SCENE AT GIBRALTAR.

BY WILLIAM LEGGETT.

The mists boil up around me, and the clouds
Rise curling fast beneath me, white and sulphury,
Like foam from the roused ocean of deep hell.

I am most sick at heart—nay, grasp me not—
I am all feebleness—the mountains whirl
Spinning around me—I grow blind—what art thou?

BYRON.

The first time I ever saw the famous rock of Gibraltar was on a glorious afternoon in the month of October, when the sun diffused just sufficient heat to give an agreeable temperature to the air, and shed a soft and mellow light through the somewhat hazy atmosphere, which enabled us to see the scenery of the Straits to the best advantage. We had a rough and stormy, but uncommonly short passage; for the wind, though tempestuous, had blown from the right quarter; and our gallant frigate dashed and bounded over the waves, "like a steed that knows his rider." I could not then say, with the poet, from whom I have borrowed this quotation, "welcome to their roar!" for I was a novice on the ocean in those days, and had not yet entirely recovered from certain uneasy sensations about the region of the epigastrium, which by no means rendered the noise of rushing waters the most agreeable sound to my ears, or the rolling of the vessel the most pleasant motion for my body. Never did old seadog of a sailor, in the horse latitudes, pray more

sincerely for a wind, than I did for a calm during that boisterous passage—and never, I may add, did the selfish prayer of a sinner prove more unavailing. The gale, like Othello's revenge, "kept due on to the Propontic and the Hellespont," and it blew so hard that it sometimes seemed to lift our old craft almost out of the water. When we came out of port, we had our dashy fair weather spars aloft, with skysail yards athwart, a moonsail to the main, and hoist enough for the broad blue to show itself to good advantage above that. But before the pilot left us, our topgallant poles were under the boom cover, and storm-stumps in their places; and the first watch was scarcely relieved, when the boatswain's call—repeated by four mates, whose lungs seemed formed on purpose to out-roar a tempest—rang through the ship, "All hands to house topgallant masts, ahoy!" From that time till we made the land, the gale continued to range with unintermitted violence, to the great delight of the old tars, and the manifest annoyance of the green reefers, of whom we had rather an unusual number on board. If my pen were endued with the slightest portion of the quality which distinguished Hogarth's pencil, I might here give a description of a man-of-war's steerage in a storm, which could not but force a smile from the most satiric reader. I must own I did not much relish the humor of the scene then—*pars magna fui*—that is, I was sea sick myself; but

Quod fuit durum pati—meminisse dulce est;

and I have often since, sometimes in my hammock, sometimes during a cold watch on deck, burst into a hearty laugh, as the memory of grotesque distresses, and of the odd figures we cut during that passage, has glanced across my mind.

But the longest day must have an end, and the stiffest breeze cannot last forever. The wind, which for a fortnight had been blowing as hard as a trumpeter for a wager, blew itself out at last. About dawn on the morning of the day I have alluded to, it began to lull, and by the time the sun was fairly out of the water it fell flat calm. It was my morning watch, and what with sea-sickness, fatiguing duty, and being cabined, cribbed, confined for so long a time in my narrow and unaccustomed lodgings, I felt worn out, and in no mood to exult in the choice I had made of a profession. I stood holding by one of the belaying pins of the main life-rail (for I had not yet, as the sailors phrase it, got my sea-legs aboard), and looking I suppose as melancholy as a sick monkey on a lee backstay, when a cry from the foretopsail-yard reached my ear that instantly thrilled to my heart, and set the blood running in a lively current through my veins. "Land, oh!" cried the jack-tar on the look out, in a cable-tier voice which seemed to issue from the bottom of his stomach. I have heard many delightful sounds in my time, but few which seemed to me more pleasant than the rough voice of that vigilant sailor. I do verily believe, that not seven bells (grog time of day) to a thirsty tar, the dinner bell to a hungry alderman, or the passing bell of some rich old curmudgeon to an anxious heir, ever gave greater rapture. The how-d'ye-do of a friend, the good-bye of a country cousin, the song of the Signorina, and Paga-

nini's fiddle, may all have music in them; but the cry of land to a sea-sick midshipman is sweeter than them all.

We made what, in nautical language, is termed a good land-fall—so good, indeed, that it was well for us the night and the wind both ceased when they did; for had they lasted another hour, we should have found ourselves *landed*, and in a way that even I, much as I wished to set my foot once more on terra firma, should not have felt particularly pleased with. On its becoming light enough to ascertain our whereabouts, it was discovered that we were within the very jaws of the Straits, completely land-locked by the "steepy shore," where

Europe and Afric on each other gaze,

and already beginning to feel the influence of the strong and ceaseless easterly current which rushes into the Mediterranean through that passage with a velocity of four or five knots an hour. A gentle land-breeze sprung up in the course of the morning watch, which, though not exactly fair, yet coming from the land of the "dusky Moor," had enough of something in it to enable us to get along at a very tolerable rate, beating with a long and short leg through the Straits.

It would be uncharitable to require that the reader should arrive at the rock by the same sort of zig-zag course which we were obliged to pursue; so therefore, let him at once suppose himself riding at anchor in the beautiful but unsafe bay of Gibraltar, directly opposite and almost within the very shadow of the grand and gigantic fortress which nature and art seem to have vied with each other in rendering impregnable. No one who has looked on that vast and fortified rock, with its huge granite outline shown in bold relief against the clear sky of the south of Europe—its towering and ruin-crowned peaks—its enormous crags, caverns, and precipices—and its rich historical associations, which shed a powerful though vague interest over every feature—can easily forget the strong impression which the first sight of that imposing and magnificent spectacle creates. The flinty mass rising abruptly to an elevation of fifteen hundred feet, and surrounded on every side by the waters of the Mediterranean, save a narrow slip of level sand which stretches from its northern end and connects it with the main land, has, added to its other claims to admiration, the strong interest of utter isolation. For a while, the spectator gazes on the "stupendous whole" with an expression of pleased wonder at its height, extent, and strength, and without becoming conscious of the various opposite features which make up its grand effect of sublimity and beauty. He sees only the giant rock spreading its vast dark mass against the sky, its broken and wavy ridge, its beetling projections, and its dizzy precipices of a thousand feet perpendicular descent. After a time, his eye becoming in some degree familiarized with the main and sterner features of the scene, he perceives that the granite mountain is variegated by here and there some picturesque work of art, or spot of green beauty, that shines with greater loveliness from contrast with the savage roughness by which it was surrounded. Dotted about at long intervals over the steep sides of the craggy mass,

are seen the humble cottages of the soldiers' wives: or, perched on the very edges of the cliffs, the guard houses of the garrison, before which, ever and anon, may be descried the vigilant sentry, dwindled to a pigmy, walking to and fro on his allotted and dangerous post. Now and then, the eye detects a more sumptuous edifice, half hid in a grove of acacias, orange, and almond trees, as if they clustered around to shut from the view of its inhabitant, in his eyre-like abode, the scene of desolate grandeur above, beneath him, and on every side. At the foot of the rock, on a small and narrow slip less precipitous than the rest, stands the town of Gibraltar, which, as seen from the bay, with its dark colored houses, built in the Spanish style, and rising one above another in amphitheatrical order: the ruins of the Moorish castle and defences in the rear: and the high massive walks which surround it at the water's edge, and which, thick planted with cannon, seemed formed to "laugh a siege to scorn," has a highly picturesque and imposing effect. The military works of Gibraltar are on a scale of magnificence commensurate with the natural grandeur of the scene. Its walls, its batteries, and its moles, which, bristling with cannon, stretch far out into the bay, and against whose solid structure the waves spend their fury in vain, are all works of art planned with great genius, and executed with consummate skill. An indefinite sensation of awe mixes with the stranger's feelings, as gazing upon the defences which everywhere meet his eye, he remembers, that the strength of Gibraltar consists not in its visible works alone, but that, hewn in the centre of the vast and perpendicular rock, there are long galleries and ample chambers where the engines of war are kept always ready, and from whence the fires of death may at any moment be poured down upon an assailant.

Though the rock is the chief feature of interest in the bay of Gibraltar, yet, when fatigued by long gazing on its barren and solitary grandeur, there are not wanting others on which the eye of the stranger may repose with pleasure. The green shores of Andalusia, encircling the bay in their semicircular sweep, besides the attraction which verdant hills and valleys always possess, have the superadded charm of being linked with many classical and romantic associations, the picturesque towns of St. Roque and Algesiras, the one crowning a smooth eminence at some distance from the shore, and the other occupying a gentle declivity that sinks gradually down to the sparkling waters of the bay—the mountains of Spain, fringed with cork forests in the back ground—a dimly-seen coast of Morocco across the Straits, with the white walls of Ceuta just discernible on one of its promontories—the towering form of Abila, which not even the unromantic modern name of Apes-hill can divest of all its interest as one of "the trophies of great Hercules"—these are all features in the natural landscape which combined, render it a scene of exceeding beauty.

The clear blue waters of the bay itself commonly present an appearance of variety and animation which very materially increases the picturesque of the general effect. Here may at all times be seen, moored closely together, a nu-

merous fleet of vessels, from every quarter of the globe, of every fashion of structure, and manned by beings of every creed and color. The flags and pennons which float from their masts, the sounds which rise from their decks, and the appearance and employments of the moving throngs upon them, all tend to heighten the charm of novelty and variety. In one place may be seen a shattered and dismantled hulk, on board of which some exiled Spanish patriot, with his family, has taken refuge, dwelling there full in the sight of his native land, which yet he can scarcely hope ever to tread again; in another—on the high latticed stern of a tall, dark-looking craft, whose raking masts, black bends, and trig, warlike appearance, excite a doubt whether she be merchantman or pirate—a group of Turks in their national and beautiful costume, smoking their long chibouques with an air of gravity as great as if they were engaged in a matter in which their lives depended. Besides them, perhaps, lies a heavy, clumsy dogger, on board of which a company of industrious, slow-moving Dutchmen are engaged in trafficking away their cargo of cheese, butter, Bologna sausages, and real Schiedam; and not far away from these, a crew of light-hearted Genoese sailors are stretched at length along the deck of their polacca, chanting, in voices made musical by distance, one of the rich melodies with which their language abounds. Boats are continually passing hither and thither between the vessels and the shore: and every now and then, a long and slender felucca, with its slanting yards, and graceful lateen sails, glides across the bay, laden with the products of the fruitful soil of Andalusia, which are destined to supply the tables of the pent-up inhabitants of the garrison.

I have mentioned that it was a fine day in October that we arrived at Gibraltar, and I have accordingly attempted to describe the rock, and the adjacent scenery, as they appeared to me through the mellow light of that pleasant afternoon. To one viewing the scene from any other point than that which I occupied, our own gallant frigate would have presented no unattractive feature in the glorious landscape. During the time that we were beating through the Straits, the gunner's crew had been employed in blacking the bends, somewhat rusty from the constant attrition of a stormy sea, and we had embraced the opportunity of the gentle land-breeze to replace the storm topgallant-masts with our taunt fair-weather poles, and to bend and send aloft the topgallant-sails, royals, and skysails, for which we had not before had any recent occasion. Thus renewed, and all a-taunto, with our glossy sides glistening in the sun, our flags flying, and the broad blue pennant streaming at the main, there were few objects in all that gay and animated bay on which the eye could rest with greater pleasure, than on that noble vessel. The bustle consequent upon coming to anchor was, among our active and well disciplined crew, but of brief duration. In a very few minutes, every yard was squared with the nicest precision; every rope hauled taught and laid down in a handsome Flemish coil upon the deck, and the vast symmetrical bulk, with nothing to indicate the recent buffetings from the storm, lay floating as quietly on the bright sur-

face, as if it were part of a mimic scene, the creation of some painter's pencil.

Though I had been on duty ever since the previous midnight, yet I felt no disposition to go below; but for more than an hour after the boat-swain had piped down, I remained on deck gazing with unsated eyes, on the various and attractive novelties around me. A part of the fascination of the scene was doubtless owing to that feeling of young romance, which invests every scene with the colors of the imagination; and a part, to its contrast with the dull monotony of the prospect to which I had lately been confined, till my heart fluttered like a caged bird, to be once more among the green trees and the rustling grass—to see fields covered with golden grain, and swelling away in their fine undulations—to scent the pleasant odor of the meadows, and be free to range at will through those leafy forests which, I began to think, were ill exchanged for the narrow and heaving deck of a forty-four. Thoughts of this kind mingled with my musings as I leaned over the taffeler, with my eyes bent on the verdant hills and slopes of Spain: and so absorbed was I in contemplation, that I heard not my name pronounced, till it was repeated a second or third time by the officer of the deck.

"Mr. Transom!" cried he, in a quick and impatient voice, "are you deaf or asleep, sir? Here, jump into the first cutter alongside! Would you keep the commodore waiting all day for you, sir?"

I felt my cheek redden at this speech of the lieutenant—one of those popinjays who, dressed in a little brief authority, think to show their own consequence by playing off impertinent airs upon those of inferior station. I had seen enough of naval service, however, to know that no good comes of replying to the insolence of a superior; so, suppressing the answer that rose to my lips, I sprang down the side into the boat, in the stern-sheets of which my commander, who had preceded me, was already seated.

"Shove off, sir," said he.

"Let fall! give way!" cried I to the men, who sprang to their oars with alacrity, making the boat skim through the water lightly and fleetly as a swallow through the air. In less than five minutes, we were floating alongside the stone quay at the Water-port—as the principal and strongly fortified entrance to the garrison from the bay is called.

"You will wait here for me," said the commodore, as he stepped out of the boat; "and should I not return before the gate is closed, pull round to the Ragged-staff" (the name of the other landing-place), "and wait there."

"Ay, ay, sir," said I, though not very well pleased at the prospect of a long and tedious piece of service, fatigued as I already was with my vigil of the previous night, and the active duties of the day. The old commodore in the meanwhile stepped quickly over the drawbridge which connects the quay with the fortress, and presently disappeared under the massive archway of the gate.

For a while the scene which presented itself at the Water-port was of a kind from which an observant mind could not fail to draw abundant amusement. The quay, beside which our boat

was lying, is a small octangular wharf constructed of huge blocks of granite, strongly cemented together. It is the only place which boats, except those belonging to the garrison, or national vessels in the harbor, are permitted to approach; and though of but a few yards square in extent, is enfiladed in several directions by frowning batteries of granite, mounted with guns, which by a single discharge might shiver the whole structure to atoms. Merchant vessels lying in the bay are unloaded by means of lighters, which, with the boats of passage continually plying between the shipping and the shore, and the market boats from the adjacent coast of Spain, all crowd round this narrow quay, rendering it a place of singular business and bustle. As the sunset hour approaches, the activity and confusion increases. Crowds of people of all nations, and every variety of costume and language, jostle each other as they hurry through the gate. The stately Greek, in his embroidered jacket, rich purple cap, and flowing capote, strides carelessly along. The Jew, with his bent head, shaven crown, and coarse though not unpicturesque gaberdine, glide with a noiseless step through the crowd, turning from side to side, as he walks, quick wary glances from underneath his downcast brows. The Moor, wrapped close in his white bernoose, stalks sullenly apart, as if he alone had no business in the bustling scene; while the noisy Spaniard by his side wages an obstreperous argument, or shouts in loud guttural sounds for his boat. French, English, and Americans, officers, merchants, and sailors, are all intermingled in the motley mass, each engaged in his own business, and each adding his part to the confused and Babel-like clamor of tongues. High on the walls, the sentinels, with their arms glistening in the sun, are seen walking to and fro on their posts, and looking down with indifference or abstraction on the scene of hurry and turmoil beneath them.

Among the various striking features that attracted my attention, from time to time, as I reclined in the stern-sheets of the cutter, gazing on the shifting throng before me, there was one whose appearance and manners awakened peculiar interest. He was a tall, muscular, dark-looking Spaniard, whose large frame, and strong and well-proportioned limbs were set off to good advantage by the national dress of the peasantry of his country. His sombrero slouched in a studied manner over his eyes, as if to conceal their fierce rolling balls, shaded a face, the dark sunburnt hue of which showed that it had not always been so carefully protected. From the crimson sash which was bound round his waist, concealing the connexion of his embroidered velvet jacket with his nether garments, a long knife depended: and this, together with a sinister expression of countenance, and an indescribable something in the general air and bearing of the man, created an impression which caused me to shrink involuntarily from him whenever he approached the boat. He himself seemed to be actuated by similar feelings. On first meeting my eye, he drew his sombrero deeper over his brow, and hastily retired to another part of the quay: but every now and then I could see his dark face above a group of the intervening throng, and his keen black eyes seemed always directed

toward me, till, perceiving that I noticed him, he would turn away, and mix for a while among the remoter portion of the crowd.

My eyes were endeavoring to follow this singular figure in one of his windings through the multitude, when my attention was drawn in another direction by a long call from a bugle, sounded within the walls, and in an instant after, repeated with a clearer and louder blast from their summit. This signal seemed to give new motion and animation to the crowd. A few hurried from the quay into the garrison, but a greater number poured from the interior upon the quay, and all appeared anxious to depart. Boat after boat was drawn up, received its burden, and darted off, while others, took their places, and were in turn soon filled by the retiring crowd. Soldiers from the garrison appeared on the quay to urge the tardy into quicker motion; mingled shouts, calls, and curses resounded on every side; and for a few minutes confusion seemed worse confounded. But in a short time the last loiterer was hurried away—the last felucca shoved off, and was seen gliding on its course, the sound of its oars almost drowned in the noisy gabble of its Andalusian crew. As soon as the quay became entire deserted, the military returned within the walls, and a pause of silence ensued—then pealed the sunset gun from the summit of the rock—the drawbridge, by some unseen agency, was rolled slowly back, till it disappeared within the arched passage—the ponderous gates turned on their enormous hinges—and Gibraltar was closed for the night with a security which might defy the efforts of the combined world to invade it.

Thus shut out at the Water-port, I directed the boat's crew, in compliance with the orders I had received, to pull round to the Ragged-staff. The wall at this place is of great height, and near its top is left a small gate, at an elevation of fifty or sixty feet above the quay which projects into the bay beneath. It is attained by a spiral staircase, erected about twenty feet from the wall, and communicating with it at the top by means of a drawbridge. This gate is little used, except for the egress of those who are permitted to leave the garrison after nightfall. On reaching the quay, I sprung ashore, and walking to a favorable position, endeavored to amuse myself once more by contemplating the hills and distant mountains of Spain. But the charm was now fled. Night was fast stealing over the landscape, and rendering its features misty and indistinct; a change, too, had taken place in my own feelings, since, a few hours before, I had found so much pleasure in dwelling on the scene around me. I was now cold, fatigued, and hungry; my eyes had been fed with novelties until they were weary with gazing; and my mind crowded with a succession of new images, until its vigor was exhausted. I cast my eyes up to the rock, but it appeared cold and desolate in the deepening twilight, and I turned from its steep, flinty sides, and dreadful precipices, with a shudder. The waves and ripples of the bay, which the increasing wind had roughened, broke against the quay where I was standing with a sound that created a chilly sensation at my heart; and even the watch-dog's bark, from on board some vessel in the bay, gave me no pleasure as it was borne faintly to my ear

by the eastern breeze; for it was associated with sounds of home, and awakened me to a painful consciousness of the distance I had wandered, and the fatigues and perils to which I was exposed. A train of sombre thoughts, despite my efforts to drive them away, took possession of my mind. At length, yielding to their influence, I climbed to the top of a rude heap of stones, which had been piled on the end of the quay, and seating myself where my eye could embrace every portion of the shadowy landscape, I yielded the full reign to melancholy fancies. My wandering thoughts roamed over a thousand topics; but one topic predominated over all the rest. My memory recalled many images; but one image it presented with the vividness of life, and dwelt upon with the partiality of love. It was the image of one who had been the object of my childhood's love, whom I had loved in my boyhood, and whom now in opening manhood, I still loved with a passionate and daily-increasing affection. Linked with the memory of that sweet being, came thoughts of one who had sought to rival me in her affections, and who, foiled in his purposes, had conceived and vowed the bitterest enmity against me:—and from him, my mind reverted, by some strange association, to the tall and singular-looking Spaniard whom I had seen at the Water-port. In this way my vagrant thoughts ranged about from topic to topic, with all that wildness of transition which is sometimes produced by the excitement of opium.

While thus engaged in these desultory meditations, I know not how long a time slipped by; but at length my thoughts began to grow less distinct, and my eyes to feel heavy: and had I not been restrained by a sense of shame and duty as an officer, I should have been glad to resign myself to sleep. My eye-lids, in despite of me, did once or twice close for an instant or two; and it was in an effort to arouse myself from one of these little attacks of somnolency, that I saw an object before me, the appearance of whom in that place struck me with surprise. The moon had risen, and was just shedding a thin and feeble glimmer over the top of the rock, the broad deep shadow of which extended almost to the spot where I was sitting. Emerging from this shadow, with his long peculiar step, I saw approaching me the identical Spaniard whose malign expression of countenance and general appearance, had so strongly attracted my attention at the Water-port. That it was the same I could not doubt, for his height, his dress, his air, all corresponded exactly. He still wore the same large sombrero, which, as before, was drawn deep over his brows; the same long and glistening knife was thrust through his sash, and the same fantastically stamped leather gaiters covered his legs. He approached close to me, and in a voice which, though hardly above a whisper, thrilled me to the bone, informed me that the commodore had sent for me; on delivering which laconic message, he turned away, and walked toward the garrison. Shall I own it gentle reader? I felt a sensation of fear at the idea that I was to follow this herculean and sinister-looking Spaniard, and I had some faint misgivings whether I ought to obey his summons. But I reflected that he was probably a servant or messenger of some

officer or family where the commodore was visiting; that he could have no motive to mislead me; and that were I to neglect obeying the order through fear of its bearer, because he was tall, had whiskers, and wore a sombrero, I should deservedly bring down upon myself the ridicule of every midshipman in the Mediterranean. Besides, thought I, how foolish I should feel, if it should turn out, as is very likely, that this is some ball or party to which the commodore has been urged to stay, and, unwilling to keep me waiting for him so long in this dreary place, he has sent to invite me to join him. This last reflection turned the scale; so, slipping down from my perch, I followed toward the gate. The tall dark form of the stranger had already disappeared in the shadow of the rock; but, on reaching the foot of the spiral staircase, I could hear his heavy foot ascending the steps. Directly after, the gate was unbarred, the drawbridge lowered, and a footstep crossing it announced that the Spaniard was within the walls. I followed as rapidly as I could, and got within the gate just in time to see the form of my conductor disappear round one of the angles of the fortification; but, accelerating my pace, I overtook him as he reached the foot of the path which seemed to ascend toward the southern end of the rock.

"This way lies the town," said I, pointing in the opposite direction; "you surely have mistaken the route."

The Spaniard made no answer, but pointing with his hand up the difficult and narrow path, and beckoning me to follow him, he began the ascent. The moon shone on his countenance for a moment as he turned toward me, and I thought I could perceive the same sinister expression upon it which had been one of the first things that drew my attention to him. I continued to follow, however, and struggled hard to overtake him; but without much effect. I became fatigued, exhausted, almost ready to drop, but was unable to diminish the interval between us. The ascent soon became very steep—so steep, indeed, that it was with the greatest difficulty I could keep from sliding back faster than I advanced. My feet were blistered, and I toiled along on my hands and knees, till my flesh was torn and penetrated with the sharp points and edges of the rock. After thus slowly and painfully groping my way for a considerable distance, we at length reached a place where the path pursued a level course—but what a path! what a place! A narrow ledge, scarce two feet wide, had been formed, partly by nature, partly by art, at the height of a thousand feet above the water, around a sweep of the rock where it rose perpendicularly from its base to its extreme summit. This ledge was covered with loose stones, which, at every foot-step, fell rattling and thundering down the mighty precipice, till the sound died away in the immense depths below. I could not conjecture whether the Spaniard was leading me; but I had now gone too far to think of retreating. Every step I now made was at the hazard of life. The ledge on which we were walking was so narrow, the loose stones which covered it rolled so easily from under our feet, and my knees trembled so violently from fear and fatigue, that I could scarcely hope to continue much further in safety over such a path-

way. At last we reached a broader spot. I sunk down exhausted, yet with a feeling of joy that I had escaped from the perilous path I had just been treading. The Spaniard stood beside me, and I thought a malign smile played round his lips as he looked down upon me, panting at his feet. He suffered me to rest but for a moment, when he motioned me to rise. I obeyed the signal, as if it were the behest of my evil genius.

"Look round," said he, "and tell me what you behold?"

I glanced my eyes round, and shuddering withdrew them instantly from the fearful prospect. The ledge or platform on which we were standing was but a few feet square; behind it a large and gloomy cavern opened its black jaws; and in front, the rock rose from the sea with so perpendicular an ascent, that a stone, dropped from the edge, would have fallen without interruption straight down into the waves.

"Are you ready to make the leap?" said the Spaniard, in a smooth, sneering tone, seeing, and seeming to enjoy the terror depicted on my countenance.

"For heaven's sake," cried I, "who are you, and why am I made your victim?"

"Look!" cried he, throwing the sombrero from his head, and approaching close to me, "Look! know you not these features? They are those of one whose path you have crossed once, but shall never cross again!"

He seized hold of me as he spoke, with a fiendish grasp, and strove to hurl me headlong from the rock. I struggled with all the energy of desperation, and for a moment baffled the design. He released his hold round the body, and stepping back, stood for an instant gazing on me with the glaring eyeballs of a tiger about to spring upon his prey; then darting toward me, he grasped me with both hands round the throat, and dragged me, despite my vain struggling, to the very verge of the precipice. With a powerful exertion of strength, which I was no longer able to resist, he dashed my body over the dreadful edge, and held me out at arm's length above the dread abyss. The agony of years of wretchedness compressed into a single second, could not have exceeded the horror of the moment I remained suspended. There was a small tree or bush which grew out of a cleft just beneath the ledge. In my frenzied struggle, I caught by a branch of it just at the critical instant when the Spaniard relaxed his hold, intending to precipitate me down the fearful gulf. His purpose was again baffled for another moment of horror. He gnashed his teeth as he saw me swing off upon the fragile branch, which cracked and bent beneath my weight, and which, at most, could save me from his fury but for a fleeting moment. The moment seemed too long for his impatient hate. He sprang to the very verge of the ledge, and placing his foot firmly on the tree, pressed it down with all his strength. In vain with chattering teeth and horror-choked voice, I implored him to desist. He answered not, but stamped furiously on the tree. The root began to give way—the loosened dirt fell from around it—the trunk snapped, cracked, and separated—and the fiend set up an inhuman laugh, which rung in my ears like the mocking of a demon, as down—down—down I

fell, through the chill, thick, pitchy air, till striking with a mighty force on the rocks beneath—I waked, and lo, it was a dream!

It was broad daylight. In my sleep I had rolled from the heap of stones which had furnished me with my evening seat of meditation, and which, during my sleep, had supplied my imagination with an abundance of materials for horrid precipices and "deep-down gulfs." The laugh of the infernal Spaniard turned out to be only a burst of innocent merriment at my plight from little Paul Messenger, a rosy, curly-haired midshipman, and one of the finest little fellows in the world. The matter was soon explained. The commodore returning to the boat, and seeing me, as he expressed it, sleeping so comfortably on a bed of my own choosing, thought it would be a pity to disturb me; so shoving off, he left me to my slumbers; but on reaching the ship, gave the officer of the deck directions to send a boat for me at daylight. Little Paul, always ready to do a kind act, asked to go officer of her; and we returned together to the frigate, laughing over my story of the imaginary adventures of the night.

Original.

OH, A GLORIOUS SIGHT!

Oh, glorious sight is the break of morn,
When darkness shrinks away
From the bright and burning countenance
Of the fiery god of day;
When the twinkling stars in the vaulted sky
Do vanish one by one,
Ashamed to show their feeble ray
In the light of the glorious sun.

The rose and the drooping hyacinth,
The grass and the flowing grain,
Had wept all night for fear that the sun
Would never shine again;
But again he peeps o'er the mountain top,
And again to them appears,
And they raise their heads in cheerfulness,
And he dries their dewy tears.

Oh, a glorious sight is the break of morn,
When darkness shrinks away
From the bright and burning countenance
Of the fiery god of day;
How oft again shall the sun arise,
Ere death shall bring its gloom?
How oft again shall the sun arise,
'Till he sets upon my tomb?

EDALAS.

THE ADVENTURE OF THE MASON.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

THERE was upon a time a poor mason, or bricklayer, in Grenada, who kept all the saints' days and holydays, and Saint Monday into the bargain, and yet, with all his devotion, he grew poorer and poorer, and could scarcely earn bread for his numerous family. One night he was roused from his first sleep by a knocking at his door. He opened it, and beheld before him a tall, meagre, cadaverous-looking priest.

"Hark ye, honest friend!" said the stranger; "I have observed that you are a good Christian, and one to be trusted; will you undertake a job this very night?"

"With all my heart, *Senor Padre*, on conditions that I am paid accordingly."

"That you shall be; but you must suffer yourself to be blindfolded."

To this the mason made no objection; so, being hoodwinked, he was led by the priest through various rough lanes and winding passages, until they stopped before the portal of a house. The priest then applied a key, turned a creaking lock, and opened what sounded like a ponderous door. They entered, the door was closed and bolted, and the mason was conducted through an echoing corridor, and a spacious hall, to an interior part of the building. Here the bandage was removed from his eyes, and he found himself in a patio, or court, dimly lighted by a single lamp. In the centre was the dry basin of an old Moorish fountain, under which the priest requested him to form a small vault, bricks and mortar being at hand for the purpose. He accordingly worked all night, but without finishing the job. Just before day-break, the priest put a piece of gold into his hand, and having again blindfolded him, conducted him back to his dwelling.

"Are you willing," said he, "to return and complete your work?" "Gladly, *Senor Padre*, provided I am so well paid."—"Well, then, tomorrow at midnight I will call again." He did so, and the vault was completed. "Now," said the priest, "you must help me to bring forth the bodies that are to be buried in this vault."

The poor mason's hair rose on his head at these words: he followed the priest, with trembling steps, into a retired chamber of the mansion, expecting to behold some ghastly spectacle of death, but was relieved on perceiving three or four portly jars standing in one corner. They were evidently full of money, and it was with great labor that he and the priest carried them forth and consigned them to their tomb. The vault was then closed, the pavement replaced, and all traces of the work obliterated. The mason was again hoodwinked and led forth by a route different from that by which he had come. After they had wandered for a long time through a perplexed maze of lanes and alleys, they halted. The priest then put two pieces of gold into his hand: "Wait here," said he, "until you hear the cathedral bell toll for matins. If you presume to uncover your eyes before that time, evil will befall you:" so saying, he departed. The mason waited faithfully, amusing himself by weighing the gold pieces in his hand, and clinking them against each other. The moment the cathedral bell rang its matin peal, he uncovered his eyes, and found himself on the banks of the *Xenil*, from whence he made the best of his way home, and revealed with his family for a whole fortnight on the profits of his two nights' work; after which, he was as poor as ever.

He continued to work a little, and pray a good deal, and keep *Saints'-days* and holidays, from year to year, while his family grew up as gaunt and ragged as a crew of gypsies. As he was seated one evening at the door of his hovel, he was accosted by a rich old curmudgeon, who was noted for owning many houses, and being a gripping landlord. The man of money eyed him for a moment from beneath a pair of anxious shagged eyebrows.

"I am told, friend, that you are very poor."

"There is no denying the fact, *Senor*—it speaks for itself." "I presume then, that you will be glad of a job, and will work cheap." "As cheap, my master, as any mason in *Granada*." "That's what I want. I have an old house fallen into decay, that cost me more money than it is worth to keep it in repair; for nobody will live in it; so I must contrive to patch it up and keep it together at as small expense as possible."

The mason was accordingly conducted to a large deserted house that seemed going to ruin. Passing through several empty halls and chambers, he entered an inner court, where his eye was caught by an old Moorish fountain. He paused for a moment, for a dreaming recollection of the place came over him.

"Pray," said he, "who occupied this house formerly?"

"A pest upon him!" cried the landlord, "it was an old miserly priest, who cared for nobody but himself. He was said to be immensely rich, and, having no relations, it was thought he would leave all his treasures to the church. He died suddenly, and the priests and friars thronged to take possession of his wealth; but nothing could they find but a few ducats in a leathern purse. The worst luck has fallen on me, for, since his death, the old fellow continues to occupy my house without paying rent, and there's no taking the law of a dead man. The people preterit to hear the clinking of gold all night in the chamber where the old priest slept, as if he were counting over his money, and sometimes a groaning and moaning about the court. Whether true or false, these stories have brought a bad name on my house, and not a tenant will remain in it."

"Enough," said the mason, sturdily: "let me live in your house rent-free until some better tenant present, and I will engage to put it in repair, and to quiet the troubled spirit that disturbs it. I am a good christian and a poor man, and am not to be daunted by the devil himself, even though he should come in the shape of a big bag of money!"

The offer of the honest mason was gladly accepted; he moved with his family into the house, and fulfilled all his engagements. By little and little he restored it to its former state; the clinking of gold was no more heard at night in the chamber of the defunct priest, but began to be heard by day in the pocket of the living mason.

In a word, he increased rapidly in wealth, to the admiration of all his neighbors, and became one of the richest men in *Granada*: he gave large sums to the church, by way, no doubt, of satisfying his conscience, and never revealed the secret of the vault until on his death-bed to his son and heir.

IRISH MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY MRS. CRAWFORD.

My beautiful, my bright-eyed boy,
Ah! whither art thou roaming?
Thy mother's hope, thy mother's joy,
I watch to see thee coming;
I watch the sails of every ship,
But all return without thee;
I ask for thee with quivering lip,
But none knows aught about thee.
A mhúirín delis!

Oh! shame a mhuirnin, summer's fled,
 The reaper's time is gone, dear;
 I will not dream that thou art dead,
 And I left all alone, dear!
 Our cabin is a dreary place,
 The very walls look sorrow,
 But could I see thy darling face,
 They'd ring with joy to-morrow.
 A mhuirnin dilis!

Oh! shame, a mhuirnin, art thou dead?
 And did'st thou brave the danger
 Of stormy seas, to toil for bread,
 And perish with the stranger?
 My beautiful, my young, my brave!
 Thy mother's heart is riven;
 But though I may not share thy grave,
 Our souls will meet in heaven.
 A mhuirnin dilis!

A PRAYER.

BY MRS. C. E. DA PONTE.

WEARY of earth, and tossed
 Amid the storms which ever break my way,
 Thou, who canst save the weary and the lost,
 Oh, hear me pray!

Weary of time, which brings
 Little of comfort to my bosom now,
 Feeble and worn, to thee my spirit clings—
 To thee I bow.

Deep is the inward strife,
 Thou know'st, consumes my sick and weary soul,
 And deep the grief that agitates my life,
 Beyond control.

For me, joy comes no more;
 Earth cannot soothe, for life can nothing give,—
 Take me, then, father, to that mighty shore,—
 For thee I'll live!

Watch me where'er I go,
 Guide thou my footsteps through this valley drear.
 Father! I weep, with more than mortal woe,
 But yet can bear!

THE LOG OF THE ROVER.

POSTAGE.—That Postmasters may know what liberty will be allowed them, when the franking privilege is abolished, with respect to the free transmission of subscription moneys to newspapers and periodicals, we extract the following from the New York Herald, which is a portion of a letter of instruction from the Postmaster General:

"Money for newspaper subscriptions not exceeding \$10 in each case, may be paid to a Postmaster for the purpose of being paid to the publisher of a newspaper at any other office. The P. M. is, in such case, to give to the person paying the money, a receipt therefor, and to advise forthwith the Postmaster, who is to pay said amount of such deposit. Upon presentation of this receipt, the amount is to be paid over. The Postmaster receiving the amount is to debit himself therewith in his account, and the Postmaster paying that amount is to credit himself, in his account of contingent expenses."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.—From Harper & Brothers we have received number 25 of the Illuminated Bible, elegantly illustrated; and numbers 49 and 50 of the Illuminated Shakspeare. These two are the most splendid works ever issued from the American press.

From H. G. Daggers, 30 Ann street, the first volume of that very excellent and popular novel "Tom Cringle's Log." One of the best sea romances we ever read.

From Daniel Adee, number 5 of the "Treasury of History," which contains the close of the reign of Henry VIII. of England, Edward VI., Queen Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and James I., under whom the kingdoms of Scotland and England were first permanently united into one. The histories contained in the present number are of some of the most interesting portions of British history, and the faithfulness of the narration, together with the minute and yet concise details, promise well for the value of the work. It is well printed on fine paper, and sold at 25 cents per No., by Daniel Adee, 107 Fulton street, New York.

From Leonard Scott & Co., 112 Fulton street, we have received the April number of Blackwood, filled with capital articles.

THEATRES.—May 5.—At the Park, during the past week, the Seguins and Frazer in the Bohemian Girl, have drawn large audiences—the house being crowded on every night of their performance, giving it the appearance of the ancient and palmy days of the drama.

The Chatham has been doing a good business with Mr. and Mrs. Wallack in the legitimate, although we cannot rank them according to the bills, as "the two greatest actors of modern days." This over-puffing injures. Mr. and Mrs. Wallack as Mr. and Mrs. Wallack, are not only clever, but very talented performers; but we object to seeing Macbeth made a melo-drama of. They have raised the prices at this house, but the managers must not presume too much upon the burning of the Bowery. We have not seen the effect yet.

To-night Mr. Tryon opens the Bowery Amphitheatre for theatrical performances. He also hopes much from the destruction of the Bowery. "It is an ill wind that blows no body good." We shall see.

Mr. Hamblin is preparing to put up a magnificent Theatre on Broadway. Of this we are glad; and heartily sympathising with him as we do, we cordially wish him all the success that his almost unparalleled misfortunes, as a manager, entitle him to. There are but few men who would not feel crushed under the many heavy calamities that, within ten years past, have followed his successes with the malignity of a persecuting fiend. He has secured three large lots of ground on Broadway, near the corner of Anthony street, which are now covered by buildings numbered 328 and 330, being 75 feet front by 175 feet deep. It is to be the most elegant Theatre in the United States, a point which his ambition has been aiming at for years. It will be so constructed as to be comparatively safe from fire. The Croton will be introduced in the most approved form; and the house so arranged that the audience part can, in a moment, be shut off from the stage; the carpenter's shop, paint room and property rooms will be in a separate building on Anthony street, and a day and night patrol will be established. Mr. Hamblin has adopted the best method for the erection of his theatre, viz: by the issue of 100,000 tickets at \$1 each, instead of shares to stockholders. This is but a small tax upon the theatre goers of this city, and we are assured that they will not be backward in this enterprise. The building will be commenced on the first of June, and completed by the first of November, and nothing that the ambition of Mr. H. can accomplish, will be wanting to make it THE theatre of this country. The office for the sale of tickets is now open at 328 Broadway.

The Olympic is closed for the season.

Castle Garden opens on Monday evening the 12th instant.

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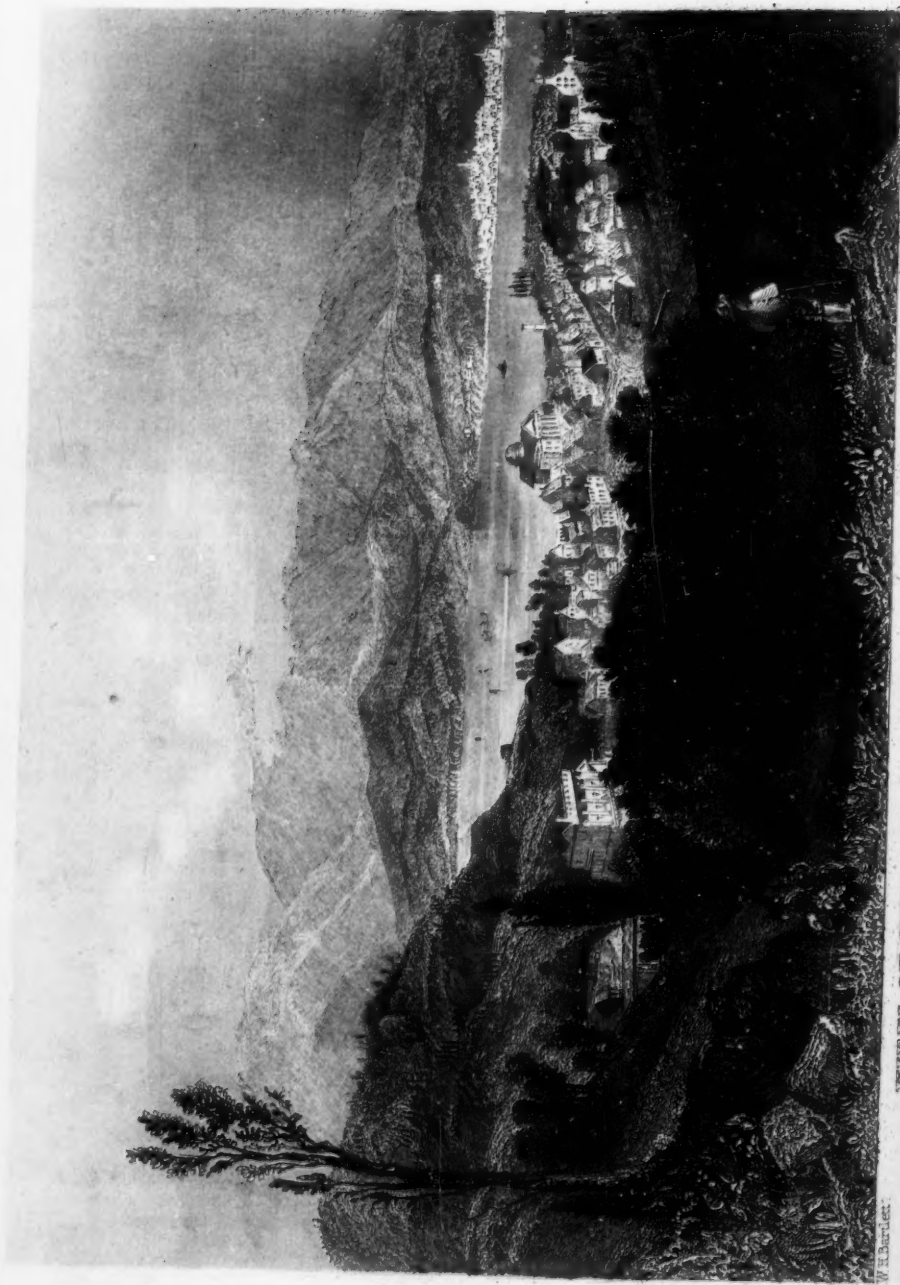
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W. H. Bartlett.

VIEW OF HUDSON CITY AND THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS.

ALBEE

